

BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.

A bright woman, when applauded recently for her goodness, begged her friend to let the matter drop. "For," she said, whimsically, "though I do try to be good from some really high motives, yet I have one reason for trying which I am afraid is a low one." "What do you mean?" inquired her laughing friend, "I mean that I once heard, many years ago, that beauty after fifty depended, not on features, but on character. Like all women, I desired to be beautiful, and as providence had denied me the 'features' necessary to secure that result in early life, I determined to make the attempt to be beautiful at fifty. I am thirty-five now," she concluded, cheerfully, "and I must confess that I see no signs of the Indian-summer loveliness, but I still try to be good."

These friends treated the matter as a jest; but there is sense and truth in the saying that beauty in later life, in either man or woman, is dependent upon character far more than upon form or color. Nobility will tell upon the outward aspect. The carriage of the figure, the poise of the head, the expression of the face—these come to reveal more and more, with laps of time, the inner life. Unselfishness, sincerity, thoughtfulness, refinement, lend their charm to those who have consistently cherished them, until in old age they may really become beautiful.—*Sel.*

WESLEY ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Those who sell this poison, murder men by wholesale. Neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walls, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art "clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day"—canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven: therefore, thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, "thy memorial shall perish with thee."

WHAT MISTRESS YANG SAID.

"At one of our stations" says Mr. Burt, of the China Island Missions, "we made up our minds to open a preaching place in another township, and pay the expenses out of the church funds; but, it so happened that we could not get the hall or room where we had proposed having it. We had among our members an old evangelist who had decided that we must open a hall somewhere, and that it should not be paid from the church funds. He settled the place where the hall was to be, but before he arranged the financial matters there was a little difficulty. His wife Mistress Yang, was of an extremely economical disposition, and might object to his paying the rent of the hall. He got some of the elders to go home with him when he interviewed his wife on the subject. He said to her, 'Mistress Yang, do you love the Lord Jesus?' 'Yes! of course I do,' she replied. 'Mistress Yang,' he repeated again, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus?' 'Yes, you know I do,' 'Mistress Yang, do you love the Lord Jesus enough to keep house on three dollars a month instead of four?' 'Why do you ask?' 'Because we want the dollar to pay for a room in another village, where we wish to preach the gospel.' 'Oh, yes, if that be the case, I love the Lord Jesus enough to do with three dollars a month.'"

A church whose spiritual backbone is too weak to assert her principles in the face of growing corruption within, or whose internal system is too weak to treat these corrupting influences according to Matt. 18: 17, is to be likened unto the man who, after having taken a fatal dose of poison, is neglected so long that the weakened system is unable to expel the fatal drug. Both church and man are on the sure road to death. Emetics are unpleasant, but they sometimes become necessary, and a good dose of spiritual emetics administered in due season by the faithful minister will save the body of the church. Indifference and procrastination, as well as the plea, "he or she, though guilty of misdemeanor, is rich and influential member, we dare not reprove them or put them out," etc., have caused spiritual decay in many a church. But the skilled physician advises the use of emetics only in extreme cases. So the Great Physician in Matt. 18 advises expulsion only when other remedies fail.—*Sel.*

DON'T FRET.

Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their peas killed by frost. One of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune.

"Ah!" he cried, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! Do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine, healthy crop coming up already. What are these?"

"These," cried the other gardener, "why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss."

"What! coming up already?" cried the fretter.

"Yes. While you were fretting I was working."

"What! Don't you fret when you have a loss?"

"Yes; but I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason."—*Ram's Horn.*

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men, he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depths of shadow.—*Peter Bayne.*

Endure and bear, true heart; through patience, joined with boldness, come we to a crown encircled with a thousand blessings.—*Spanish Proverb.*

Where there is most of God there is least of self.—*B. Whichcote.*

Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar.

—*T. H. Gill.*

Giving to God is no loss, but putting your substance into the very best bank. Giving is true having, as the old grave-stone said of the dead man: "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have."

We delight to gaze down a long avenue of trees. It is delightful to gaze from end to end of the long vista, a sort of verdant temple, with its bracing pillars and its arches of leaves; even so look down the long line of your years, at the green boughs of mercy over head, and the strong pillars of loving kindness and faithfulness which bear up your joys.—*Spurgeon.*